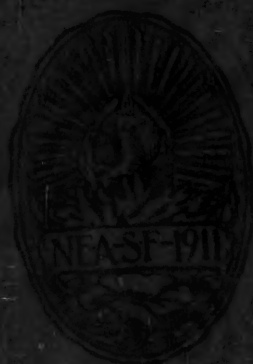


TO 1911  
CHANGE

# SIERRA EDUCATIONAL NEWS AND BOOK REVIEW



N.E.A. NUMBER

Vol. VII

MAY, 1911

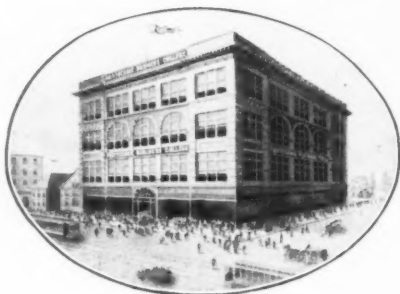
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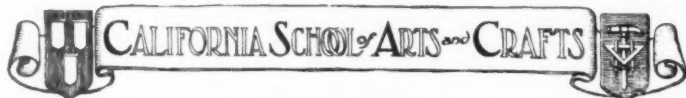
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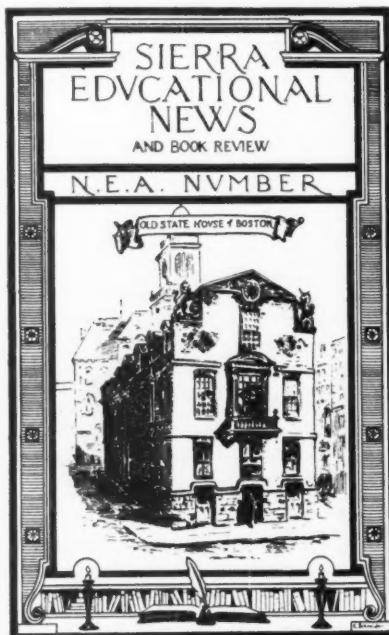
June 26 to August 5, 1911

You probably could not take advantage of our last year's Summer Session, as you went to Boston for the N. E. A. Meeting; but this year you can enjoy the benefits of both, our Summer Session here in Berkeley and the N. E. A. Meeting in San Francisco.

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YOSEMITE FALLS



# SIERRA EDUCATIONAL NEWS

## AND BOOK REVIEW

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*Vol. VII.*

*MAY, 1911*

*No. 5*

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at

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L. E. ARMSTRONG . . . . . Editor and Manager

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## Editorial Comment

L. E. ARMSTRONG

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### THEN AND NOW

The people of California will honor themselves next July by honoring the grand army of the nation's surest defenders—the teachers of America. The hearty invitation extended by California to this noble body of men and women has been accepted, and the forty-ninth annual convention of the National Education Association will be held in San Francisco in early July. It will be recalled that San Francisco expected to entertain the N. E. A. in 1906. With preparations for a great meeting practically completed, that fateful morning in April changed all plans. In sympathy with San Francisco's distress, there was no meeting of the N. E. A. in 1906. The invitation, however, was not withdrawn; its acceptance was merely postponed. From the ashes of desolation a new San Francisco has arisen, more beautiful and wonderful than the old. In five short years a miracle has been wrought. And to this new city, typical of California's exuberant spirit and indomitable pluck, the teachers of America will be welcomed.

11



### A TOKEN OF OUR REGARD

In a very real sense the teachers of the United States will be the guests of the teachers of California. In token of the sincerity of our invitation and the heartiness of the welcome in store for our fellow teachers throughout the land, the teachers of California are sending this number of our educational journal to several thousands of Eastern workers in education.

We have tried in this number to give necessary information concerning the coming meeting, and to offer helpful suggestions as to a pleasant vacation in California. We have endeavored, also, by pictures and words to give a slight conception of the beauty and grandeur of California scenery.

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### THE BEST GUIDE TO CALIFORNIA

But our chief purpose in putting out this number has not been to exalt the marvelous beauties of our State; nor to extol our delightful climate; nor yet to boast of our remarkable material prosperity. Rather have we chosen to reveal California's real life—its freedom, joyousness, self-reliance and hopefulness—by including some of the best literature produced within the borders of our great State. Unfortunately our space limitation has compelled us to leave out much that we would have gladly included as interpretative of the life of our people. We believe that a sympathetic reading of the selections chosen will prove more helpful in understanding California and Californians than anything else we could place in your hands. For after all the things of the spirit are the truest measures of the greatness of a people. A real poem, such as Joaquin Miller's "The Bravest Battle," has a greater and more abiding value than any nugget ever taken from our mines. And so, as an expression of highest good will and affection, we send to the teachers of America these selections from California literature as the best gift from the bounteous riches of our State. The spirit of our people as revealed in these selections will assure you that we shall greet you in July with open hearts and hands.

### FOR OUR REGULAR READERS

The reason for not including in this number our notes on personal and educational happenings will be apparent. We have aimed to give this number a permanent value, to make it worthy of being preserved and used. We trust that it may serve the purpose of directing greater attention to our California literature. May we not suggest the reading of these selections to classes as part of the morning exercises?

There will be no issue of the NEWS in June. We expect to mail the July number early in the month. If you wish to have the summer numbers sent to your vacation address, please send in a card promptly. In requesting changes, please be sure always to give the old address. If you have decided to make a permanent change, the sooner you direct us to send the journal to the new address the better.

---

### FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

---

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"  
The world has cried for a thousand years;  
But to him who tries, and who fails and dies,  
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears  
To all who fail in their deeds sublime;  
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,  
They were born with Time, in advance of their Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,  
But greater many and many a time  
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,  
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,  
And good is the man who refrains from wine;  
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,  
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

—From "Poems." Copyright by Whitaker & Ray-  
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## HEIMWEH

BY LOWELL OTUS REESE

Now the mountain breeze is blowing 'round a little cabin hiding  
Down among the cedar windfalls of the far Sierra hills;  
And the music of the torrent on the wind of morning riding,  
Through the balsam-laden air in sweet harmonic measure thrills;  
Oh, the mellow, mellow murmur! I can hear the Naiads singing  
'Mid the bending boughs of alder where the hidden waters flow;  
And the echo of their music in an ecstasy is ringing  
Night and morning 'round the windows of a cabin that I know.

*Sweet, sweet, waiting to greet,  
Over and over the tongues repeat,  
Deep in the woodland gloam,  
"Cool, cool is the hidden pool—  
When are you coming home?"*

Tell me what it is that deep within the bosom low is crying,  
When across the distant mountain comes the whisper of the pine  
When you wake at night and listen to the mystic voices sighing  
From the far-off slopes all heavy with the scent of columbine;  
Tell me from what ancient era comes the restless spirit stirring  
In my breast when summer beckons and the haunted breezes blow,  
Till I hear the stealthy footsteps and the wild wings nervous whirring  
In the leafy forest temples 'round a cabin that I know.

Oh, the magic of the mountains when the voice of Nature calling,  
With a flood of homesick longing all the yearning spirit fills!  
When you spend the long night dreaming of the early glory falling  
In a flood of gold and purple on the greenness of the hills:  
Who shall turn my heart against her? Who shall keep my feet from  
straying

To the far-off rocky valley where the hidden waters flow—  
Where all summer long I listen the enchanted breezes playing  
In the pine and cedar waving 'round a cabin that I know!

*Hark, hark! Out in the dark,  
Whippoorwill's cry and the fox's bark,  
Under a starry dome;  
Near, clear, comes to my ear—  
"When are you coming home?"*

## INDIVIDUALITY IN CALIFORNIA

BY DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN

ONE element of charm in California is that of personal freedom. The dominant note in the social development of the state is individualism, with all that it implies of good or evil. Man in California: he exists for his own sake, not as part of a social organism. He is, in a sense, superior to society. In the first place, it is not his society; he came from some other region on his own business. Most likely, he did not intend to stay; but, having summered and wintered in California, he has become a Californian, and now he is not contented anywhere else. Life on the coast has, for him, something of the joyous irresponsibility of a picnic. The feeling of children released from school remains with the grown people.

"A Western man," says Dr. Amos Griswold Warner, "is an Eastern man who has had some additional experiences." The Californian is a man from anywhere in America or Europe, typically from New England, perhaps, who has learned a thing or two he did not know in the East, and perhaps, has forgotten some things it would have been as well to remember. The things he has learned relate chiefly to elbow room, nature at first hand and "the unearned increment." The thing that he is most likely to forget is that the escape from public opinion is not escape from the consequences of wrong action.

Of elbow room California offers abundance. In an old civilization men grow like trees in a close-set forest. Individual growth and symmetry give way to the necessity of crowding. Every man spends some large part of his strength in being not himself, but what some dozens of other people expect him to be. There is no room for spreading branches, and the characteristic qualities and fruitage develop only at the top. On the frontier men grow as the California white oak, which, in the open field, sends its branches far and wide.

With plenty of elbow-room the Californian works out his own inborn character. If he is greedy, malicious, intemperate, by nature, his bad qualities rise to the second degree in California, and sometimes to the third. The whole responsibility rests on himself. Society has no part of it, and he does not pretend to be what he is not, out of deference to society. "Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue," but in California no such homage is demanded or accepted. In like manner, the virtues become intensified in freedom. Nowhere in the world can

one find men and women more hospitable, more refined, more charming than in the homes of prosperous California. And these homes whether in the pine forests of the Sierras, in the orange groves of the south, in the peach orchards of the Coast range, or on the great stock ranches, are the delight of all visitors who enter their open doors. To be sure, the bewildering hospitality of the great financiers and greater gamblers of the sixties and seventies is a thing of the past. We shall never again see such prodigal entertainment as that which Ralston, bankrupt, cynical, and magnificent, once dispensed in Belmont Canyon. Nor do we find, nowadays, such lavish outgiving of fruit and wine, or such rushing of tally-hos, as once preceded the auction sale of town lots in paper cities. These gorgeous "spreads" were not hospitality, and disappeared when the traveler had learned his lesson. Their avowed purpose was "the sale of worthless land to old duffers from the East." But real hospitality is characteristic of all parts of California where men and women have an income beyond the needs of the day.

To a very unusual degree the Californian forms his own opinions on matters of politics, religion, and human life, and these views he expresses without reserve. His own head he "carries under his own hat," and whether this be silk or a sombrero is a matter of his own choosing. The dictates of church and party have no binding force on him. The Californian does not confine his views to abstractions. He has his own opinions of individual men and women. If need be, he will analyze the character, motives and actions of his neighbor in a way which will horrify the traveler who has grown up in the shadow of the libel law. The Californian is peculiarly sensitive as to his own personal freedom of action. Toward public rights or duties, he is correspondingly indifferent. In the times of national stress, he paid his debts in gold and asked the same of his creditors, regardless of the laws or customs of the rest of the United States. To him gold is still money and a national promise to pay is not. The general welfare is not a catchword with him. His affairs are individual. But he is not stingy for all this. It is rather a form of largeness, of tolerance. He is as generous as the best, and takes what the Fates send him with cheerful enthusiasm. Flood and drought, temblor and conflagration, boom and panic—each comes in





Mount Hermon, in the Santa Cruz Mountains

"the day's work," and each alike finds him alert, hopeful, resourceful and unafraid.

California is emphatically one of "earth's male lands," to accept Browning's classification. The first Saxon settlers were men, and in their rude civilization women had little part. For years women in California were objects of curiosity or of chivalry, disturbing rather than cementing influences in society. Even yet California is essentially a man's state. It is common to say that public opinion does not exist there; but such a statement is not wholly correct. It does exist, but it is an out-of-door public opinion—a man's view of men. There is, for example, a strong public opinion against hypocrisy in California, as more than one clerical renegade has found, to his discomfiture. The pretense to virtue is the one vice that is not forgiven. If a man be not a liar, few questions are asked, least of all the delicate one as to the "name he went by in the states." What we commonly call public opinion—the cut and dried decision on social and civic questions—is made up in the house. It is essentially feminine in its origin, the opinion of the home circle as to how men should behave. In California there is little which corresponds to the social atmosphere pervading the snug, white-painted, green-blinded New England villages, and this little exists chiefly in the southern counties, in communities of people transported in block—traditions, conventionalities, prejudices, and all. There is, in general, no merit attached to conformity, and one may take a wide range of rope without necessarily arousing distrust. Speaking broadly, in California the virtues of life spring from within, and are not prescribed from without. The young man who is decent only because he thinks that some one is looking, would do well to stay away. The stern law of individual responsibility turns the fool over to the fool-killer without a preliminary trial. No finer type of man can be found in the world than the sober Californian; and yet no coast is strewn with wrecks more pitiful.

There are some advantages in the absence of a compelling force of public opinion. One of them is found in the strong self-reliance of men and women who have made and enforced their own moral standards. With very many men, life in California brings a decided strengthening of the moral fiber. They must reconsider, justify, and fight for their standards of action; and by so doing they become masters of them-

selves. With men of weak nature the result is not so encouraging. The disadvantage is shown in lax business methods, official carelessness and corruption, the widespread corrosion of vulgar vices, and the general lack of pride in their work shown by artisans and craftsmen.

In short, California is a man's land, with male standards of action—a land where one must give and take, stand and fall, as a man. With the growth of woman's realm of homes and houses, this will slowly change. It is changing now, year by year, for good and ill; and soon California will have a public opinion. Her sons will learn to fear "the rod behind the looking-glass," and to shun evil not only because it is vile, but because it is improper.

—From *"California and the Californians."* Copyright by  
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## SONG OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS

BY HERBERT BASHFORD

---

Come with me, O you world-weary, to the haunts of thrush and veery,  
To the cedar's dim cathedral and the palace of the pine;  
Let the soul within you capture something of the woodland rapture,  
Something of the epic passion of that harmony divine!  
Down the pathway let us follow through the hemlocks to the hollow,  
To the woven, vine-wound thickets in the twilight vague and old,  
While the streamlet winding after is a trail of silver laughter,  
And the boughs above hint softly of the melodies they hold.  
Through the forest, never caring what the way our feet are faring,  
We shall hear the wild birds' revel in the labyrinth of Tune,  
And on mossy carpets tarry in His temples cool and airy,  
Hung with silence and the splendid, amber tapestry of noon.  
Leave the hard heart of the city, with its poverty of pity,  
Leave the folly and the fashion wearing out the faith of men,  
Breathe the breath of life blown over upland meadows white with clover,  
And with childhood's clearer vision see the face of God again!

—From *"At the Shrine of Song."* Copyright by Whitaker & Ray  
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## DICKENS IN CAMP

BY BRET HARTE

---

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
The river sang below;  
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted  
The ruddy tints of health  
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted  
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure  
A hoarded volume drew,  
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure  
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader  
Was youngest of them all,—  
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
Listened in every spray,  
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows  
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken  
As by some spell divine—  
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire:  
And he who wrought that spell?—  
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,  
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story  
Blend with the breath that thrills  
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory  
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly  
And laurel wreaths entwine,  
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—  
This spray of Western pine!

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---

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

BY COL. E. D. BAKER

---

THE liberty of the press is the highest safeguard to all free government. Ours could not exist without it. It is like a great, exulting, and abounding river. It is fed by the dews of heaven, which distill their sweetest drops to form it. It gushes from the rill, as it breaks from the deep caverns of the earth. It is augmented by a thousand affluents, that dash from the mountain top, to separate again into a thousand bounteous and irrigating streams around.

On its broad bosom it bears a thousand barks. There genius spreads its purpling sail. There poetry dips its silver oar. There art, invention, discovery, science, morality, religion may safely and securely float. It wanders through every land. It is a genial, cordial source of thought and inspiration, wherever it touches, whatever it surrounds. Upon its borders there grows every flower of grace, and every fruit of truth.

Sir, I am not here to deny that that river sometimes oversteps its bounds. I am not here to deny that that stream sometimes becomes a dangerous torrent, and destroys towns and cities upon its banks. But I am here to say that, without it, civilization, humanity, government, all that makes society itself, would disappear, and the world would retrograde to its ancient barbarism.

## THE JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

BY MARK TWAIN

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angels, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood, named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*—a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angels Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

"*Rev. Leonidas W.*—H'm, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49, or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other, is because I remember the



big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but, anyway, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other side would suit *him*—any way, just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready, and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here; and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywhere, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going; and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico, but what he would find out where he was bound for, and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he'd bet *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was consider'ble better—thank the Lord for his inf'nite mercy!—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't, anyway.'

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow, and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the

air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and *always* fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

“And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you’d think he warn’t worth a cent but to set around and look onery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw’d begin to stick out like the fo’castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn’t expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab the other dog just by the j’int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn’t have no hind legs, because they’d been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he’d come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he’d been imposed upon, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he ’peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn’t try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn’t no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight; and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he’d lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn’t no opportunities to speak of, and it don’t stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn’t no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his’n, and the way it turned out.

“Well, this-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all them kind of things, till you couldn’t rest, and you

couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straight for'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid it over any frog that ever *they* see.

"Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down-town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

"'What might it be that you've got in the box?'

"And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's just only a frog.'

"And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, 'H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?'

"'Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

" 'Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. 'Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says, 'That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my *lox* a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

"So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

" 'Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One—two—three—*git!*' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'int about that frog that's better'n any other frog.'

"Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog

throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, 'Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds!' and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after the feller, but he never ketched him. And—"

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) Turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim Smiley* would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W. Smiley*, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me, and re-commenced:

"Well, this-yer Smiley had a yaller, one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

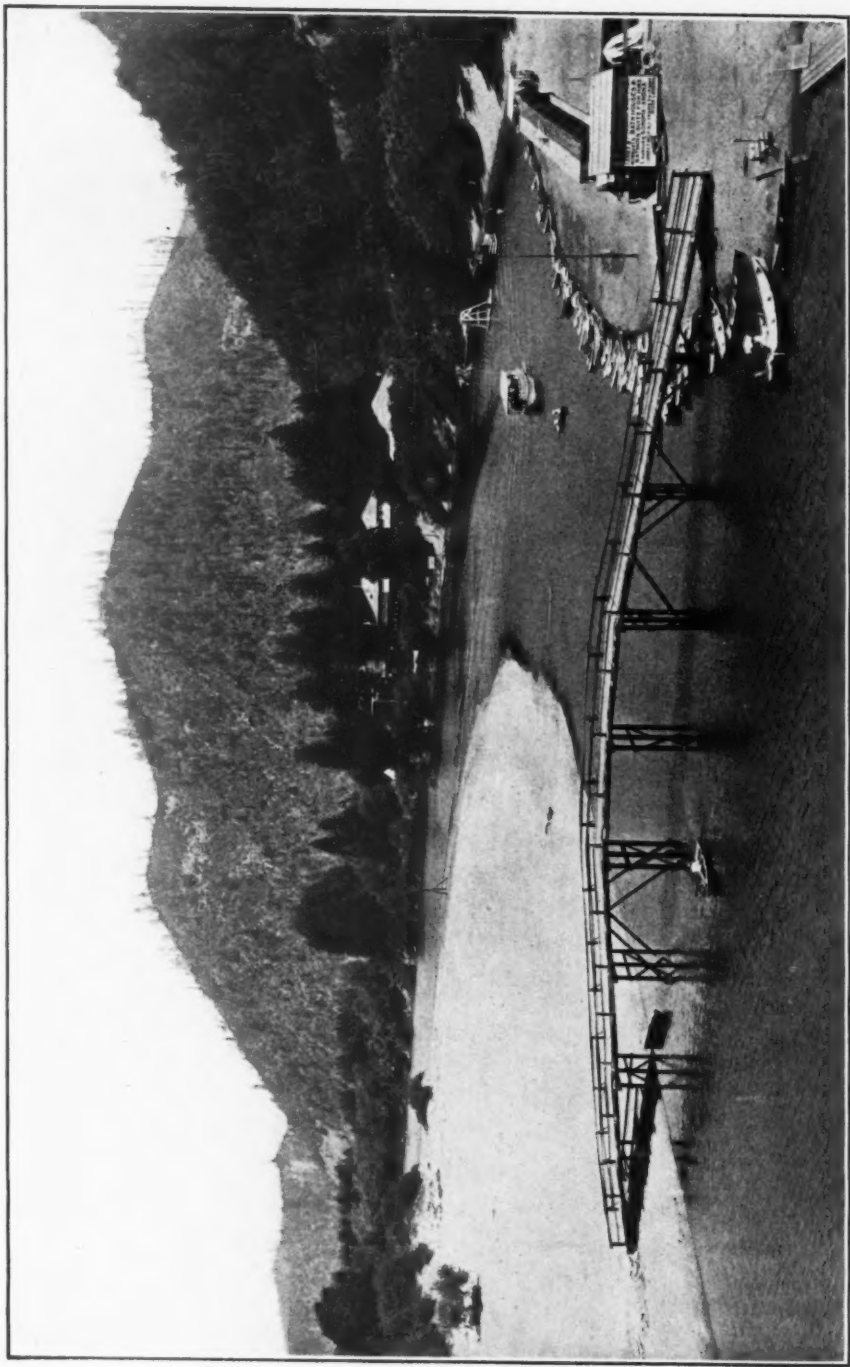
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JANUARY BLOSSOMS  
BY EDITH ELLERY PATTON

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'Tis blue above, and green below,  
And over all a golden glow;  
The pussies on the willow-trees  
Have taken off their coats of gray;  
I heard a wren's sweet note to-day,  
And caught the hum of happy bees.

And then I sought a sunny nook  
Above a tiny whispering brook;  
Ay! sing, you little thrushes, sing!  
The ground is white with fragrant snow;  
Ten thousand milk-white blossoms blow,  
The wee first darlings of the spring.



Monte Rio, on the Russian River, Sonoma County



## LINCOLN THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

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When the Norn Mother saw the whirlwind hour  
Greating and darkening as it hurried on,  
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down  
To make a man to meet the mortal need.  
She took the tried clay of the common road—  
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,  
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;  
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;  
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.  
Into the shape she breathed a flame of light  
That tender, tragic, ever changing face,  
Here was a man to hold against the world,  
A man to match the mountains and the sea.  
The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;  
The smack and tang of elemental things;  
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
The good-will of the rain that falls for all;  
The friendly welcome of the wayside well.  
The courage of the bird that dares the sea,  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars,  
The secrecy of streams that make their way  
Beneath the mountain of the rifted rock;  
The undelaying justice of the light  
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower  
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—  
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn  
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,  
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind.  
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.  
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,  
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,

Clearing a free way for the feet of God.  
And evermore he burned to do his deed  
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.

He built the rail pile as he built the State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,  
The conscience of him testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.  
So came the Captain with the thinking heart;  
And when the judgment thunders split the house,  
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

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THE LURE OF THE TRAIL  
BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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THE trail's call depends not at all on your common sense. You know you are a fool for answering it; and yet you go. The comforts of civilization, to put the case on its lowest plane, are not lightly to be renounced; the ease of having your physical labor done for you; the joy of cultivated minds, of theaters, of books, of participation in the world's progress; these you leave behind you. And in exchange you enter a life where there is much long, hard work of the hands—work that is really hard and long, so that no man paid to labor would consider it for a moment; you undertake to eat simply, to endure much, to lie on the rack of anxiety; you voluntarily place yourself where cold, wet, hunger, thirst, heat, monotony, danger and

many discomforts will wait upon you daily. A thousand times in the course of a woods life even the stoutest hearted will tell himself softly—very softly—if he is really stout-hearted, so that others may not be annoyed—that if ever the fates permit him to extricate himself he will never venture again.

These times come when long continuance has worn on the spirit. You beat all day to windward, against the tide, toward what should be but an hour's sail; the sea is high and the spray cold; there are sunken rocks, and food there is none; chill, gray evening draws dangerously near, and there is a foot of water in the bilge. You have swallowed your tongue twenty times on the alkali; and the sun is melting hot, and the dust dry and pervasive; and there is no water, and for all your effort the relative distances seem to remain the same for days.

You have carried a pack until your every muscle is strung white-hot; the woods are breathless; the black flies swarm persistently and bite until your face is covered with blood. You have struggled through clogging snow until each time you raise your snowshoe you feel as though some one had stabbed a little sharp knife into your groin; it has come to be night; the mercury is away below zero, and with aching fingers you are to prepare a camp which is only an anticipation of many more such camps in the ensuing days. For a week it has rained, so that you, pushing through the dripping brush, are soaked and sodden and comfortless, and the bushes have become horrible to your shrinking goose-flesh. Or you are just plain tired out, not from a single day's fatigue, but from the gradual exhaustion of a long hike. Then in your secret soul you utter these sentiments:

"You are a fool. This is not fun. There is no real reason why you should do this. If you ever get out of here you will stick right home where common sense flourishes, my son!"

Then after a time you do get out, and are thankful. But in three months you will have proved in your own experience the following axiom—I should call it the widest truth the wilderness has to teach:

"In memory the pleasures of a camping trip strengthen with time, and the disagreeables weaken."

I don't care how hard an experience you have had, nor how little of the pleasant has been mingled with it, in three months your general

impression of that trip will be good. You will look back on the hard times with a certain fondness of recollection.

I remember one trip I took in the early spring following a long drive on the Pine River. It rained steadily for six days. We were soaked to the skin all the time, ate standing up in the driving down-pour, and slept wet. So cold was it that each morning our blankets were so full of frost that they crackled stiffly when we turned out. Dispassionately I can appraise that as about the worst I ever got into. Yet as an impression the Pine River trip seems to me a most enjoyable one.

So after you have been home for a little while the call begins to make itself heard. At first it is very gentle. But little by little a restlessness seizes hold of you. You do not know exactly what is the matter; you are aware merely that your customary life has lost savor, that you are doing things more or less perfunctorily, and that you are a little more irritable than your naturally evil disposition.

And gradually it is borne in on you exactly what is the matter. Then say you to yourself:

"My son, you know better. You are no tenderfoot. You have had too long an experience to admit of any glamour of indefiniteness about this thing. No use bluffing. You know exactly how hard you will have to work, and how much tribulation you are going to get into, and how hungry and wet and cold and tired and generally frazzled out you are going to be. You've been there enough times, so it's pretty clearly impressed on you. You go into this thing with your eyes open. You know what you're in for. You're pretty well off right here, and you'd be a fool to go."

"That's right," says yourself to you. "You're dead right about it, old man. Do you know where we can get another mule-pack?"

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## THE HEATHEN CHINEE

BY BRET HARTE

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Which I wish to remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
And I shall not deny,  
In regard to the same,  
What that name might imply;  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
And quite soft were the skies:  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand:  
It was euchre. The same  
He did not understand;  
But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
In a way that I grieve,  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinese,  
And the points that he made,  
Were quite frightful to see,—  
Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me;  
And he rose with a sigh,  
And said, "Can this be?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—  
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed  
Like the leaves on the strand  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four packs,—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

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## IN THE CHINESE QUARTER IN THE OLD SAN FRANCISCO

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

GAMBLING and opium smoking are here the ruling passions. A coolie will pawn anything and everything to obtain the means with which to indulge these fascinations. There are many games played publicly at restaurants and in the retiring rooms of mercantile establishments. Not only are cards, dice, and dominos common, but sticks, straws, brass rings, etc., are thrown in heaps upon the table, and the fate of the gamester hangs literally upon a breath.

These haunts are seldom visited by the officers of justice, for it is almost impossible to storm the barriers in season to catch the criminals in the very act. To-day you approach a gambling hell by this door, to-morrow the inner passages of the house are mysteriously changed, and it is impossible to track them without being frequently misled; meanwhile the alarm is sounded throughout the building, and very speedily every trace of guilt has disappeared. The lottery is another popular temptation in the quarter. Most of the very numerous wash-houses are said to be private agencies for the sale of lottery tickets. Put your money, no matter how little it is, on certain of the characters that cover a small sheet of paper, and your fate is soon decided; for there is a drawing twice a day.

Enter any one of the pawn-shops licensed by the city authorities, and cast your eye over the motley collection of unredeemed articles. There are pistols of every pattern and almost of every age, the majority of them loaded. There are daggers in infinite variety, including the ingenious fan stiletto, which, when sheathed, may be carried in the hand without arousing suspicion; for the sheath and handle bear an exact resemblance to a closed fan. There are entire suits of clothes, beds and bedding, tea, sugar, clocks—multitudes of them, a clock being one of the Chinese hobbies, and no room is completely furnished without at least a pair of them,—ornaments in profusion; everything, in fact, save only the precious *queue*, without which no Chinaman may hope for honor in this life or salvation in the next.

The throngs of customers that keep the pawnshops crowded with pledges are probably most of them victims of the gambling table or the opium den. They come from every house that employs them; your domestic is impatient of delay, and hastens through his daily task in order that he may nightly indulge his darling sin.

The opium habit prevails to an alarming extent throughout the country, but no race is so dependent on this seductive and fatal stimulant as the Chinese. There are several hundred dens in San Francisco where, for a very moderate sum, the coolie may repair, and revel in dreams that end in a deathlike sleep.

Let us pause at the entrance of one of these pleasure-houses. Through devious ways we follow the leader, and come at last to a cavernous retreat. The odors that salute us are offensive; on every hand there is an accumulation of filth that should naturally, if it does not, breed fever and death. Forms press about us in the darkness,—forms that hasten like shadows toward that den of shades. We enter by a small door that is open for a moment only, and find ourselves in an apartment about fifteen feet square. We can touch the ceiling on tiptoe, yet there are three tiers of bunks placed with head boards to the wall, and each bunk just broad enough for two occupants. It is like the steerage in an emigrant vessel, eminently shipshape. Every bunk is filled; some of the smokers have had their dream and lie in grotesque attitudes, insensible, ashen-pale, having the look of plague-stricken corpses.

Some are dreaming; you see it in the vacant eye, the listless face, the expression that betrays hopeless intoxication. Some are preparing the enchanting pipe,—a laborious process, that reminds one of an incantation. See those two votaries lying face to face, chatting in low voices, each loading his pipe with a look of delicious expectation in every feature. They recline at full length; their heads rest upon blocks of wood or some improvised pillow; a small oil lamp flickers between them. Their pipes resemble flutes, with an inverted ink-bottle on the side near the lower end. They are most of them of bamboo, and very often are beautifully colored with the mellowest and richest tints of a wisely smoked meerschaum. A small jar of prepared opium—a thick black paste resembling tar—stands near the lamp.

The smoker leisurely dips a wire into the paste; a few drops adhere to it, and he twirls the wire in the flame of the lamp, where they fry and bubble; he then draws them upon the rim of the clay pipe-bowl, and at once inhales three or four mouthfuls of whitish smoke. This empties the pipe, and the slow process of feeding the bowl is lazily repeated. It is a labor of love; the eyes gloat upon the bubbling drug which shall anon witch the soul of those emaciated toilers. They renew

the pipe again and again; their talk grows less frequent and dwindles to a whispered soliloquy.

We address them, and are smiled at by delirious eyes; but the ravenous lips are sealed to that magic tube, from which they draw the breath of a life we know not of. Their fingers relax; their heads sink upon the pillows; they no longer respond, even by a glance, when we now appeal to them. Here is the famous Malay, the fearful enemy of De Quincy, who nightly drugged his master into Asiatic seas; and now himself is basking in the tropical heats and vertical sunlight of Hindoostan. Egypt and her gods are his; for him the secret chambers of Cheops are unlocked; he also is transfixed at the summit of pagodas; he is the idol, the priest, the worshipped, the sacrificed. The wrath of Brahma pursues him through the forests of Asia; he is the hated of Vishnu; Siva lies in wait for him; Isis and Osiris confront him.

What is this key which seems for a time to unlock the gates of heaven and of hell? It is the most complicated drug in the pharmacopoeia. Though apparently nothing more than a simple black, slimy paste, analysis reveals the fact that it contains no less than five-and-twenty elements, each one of them a compound by itself, and many of them among the most complex compounds known to modern chemistry. This "dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain," this author of an "Iliad of woes," lies within reach of every creature in the commonwealth. As the most enlightened and communicative of the opium eaters has observed: "Happiness may be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket; portable ecstasy may be had corked up in a pint bottle; peace of mind may be set down in gallons by the mail-coach."

This is the chief, the inevitable dissipation of our coolie tribes; this is one of the evils with which we have to battle, and in comparison with which the excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquors is no more than what a bad dream is to hopeless insanity. See the hundred forms on opium pillows already under the Circean spell; swarms are without the chambers awaiting their turn to enter and enjoy the fictitious delights of this paradise.

—From *"In the Footprints of the Padres."* By permission of  
A. M. Robertson, publisher.

## THE POET'S WEALTH

BY RICHARD REALF

---

Who says the poet's lot is hard?  
Who says it is with misery rife?  
Who pities the deluded bard  
That dreams away his life?  
Go thou and give thy sympathy  
Unto the crowd of common men;  
The poet needs it not, for he  
Hath joys beyond our ken.

Yea, he hath many a broad domain  
Which thou, O man, hath never seen  
Where never comes the pelting rain  
Or stormy winter keen.  
There ever balmy is the air,  
And ever smiling are the skies,  
For beauty ever blossoms there—  
Beauty that never dies.

There sportive fancy loves to roam  
And cull the sweets from every flower,  
While meditation builds her home  
Beneath some forest bower;  
There, too, the poet converse holds  
With spirits of the long ago,  
And dim futurity unfolds  
Secrets for him to know.

Then say not that in wretchedness  
The poet spends his weary days,  
Say not that hunger and distress  
Are guerdon for his lays;  
But rather say that lack of gold  
Unto the bard is greatest bliss,  
And say, he is not earth-controlled  
Whilst owning wealth like this.

—From "Poems." Copyright by Funk,  
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Mission at Santa Barbara

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE INTERMENT OF  
COL. E. D. BAKER  
BY THOMAS STARR KING

---

THE story of our great friend's life has been eloquently told. We have borne him now to the home of the dead, to the cemetery which, after fit services of prayer, he devoted in a tender and thrilling speech, to its hallowed purposes. In that address, he said: "Within these grounds public reverence and gratitude shall build the tombs of warriors and statesmen who have given all their lives and their best thoughts to their country." Could he forecast, seven years ago, any such fulfillment of those words as this hour reveals? He confessed the conviction before he went into the battle which bereaved us, that his last hour was near. Could any slight shadow of his destiny have been thrown across his path, as he stood here when these grounds were dedicated, and looked over slopes unfurrowed then by the plowshare of death?

His words were prophetic. Yes, warrior and statesman, wise in council, graceful and electric as few have been in speech, ardent and vigorous in debate, but nobler than for all these qualities by the devotion which prompted thee to give more than thy wisdom, more than thy energy and weight in the hall of senatorial discussion, more than the fervor of thy tongue and the fire of thy eagle eye in the great assemblies of the people—even the blood of thy indomitable heart—when thy country called with a cry of peril—we receive thee with tears and pride. We find thee dearer than when thou camest to speak to us in the full tide of life and vigor. Thy wounds through which thy life was poured are not "dumb mouths," but eloquent with the intense and perpetual appeal of thy soul.

We receive thee to "reverence and gratitude," as we lay thee gently to thy sleep; and we pledge to thee, not only a monument that shall hold thy name, but a memorial in the hearts of a grateful people, so long as the Pacific moans near thy resting-place, and a fame eminent among the heroes of the Republic so long as the mountains shall feed the Oregon! The poet tells us, in pathetic cadence, that the paths of glory lead but to the grave. But this is true only in the superficial sense. It is true that the famous and the obscure, the devoted and the ignoble, "alike await the inevitable hour." But the path of true glory does not end in the grave. It passes through it to larger opportunities of service. Do not believe or feel that we are burying Edward Baker.



A great nature is a seed. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." It germinates thus in this world as well as in the other.

Was Warren buried when he fell on the field of a defeat, pierced through the brain, at the commencement of the Revolution, by a bullet that put the land in mourning? No; the monument that has been raised where his blood reddened the sod, granite though it be in a hundred courses, is a feeble witness of the permanence and influence of his spirit among the American people. He mounted into literature from the moment that he fell; he began to move the soul of a great community; and part of the principle and enthusiasm of Massachusetts to-day is due to his sacrifice, to the presence of his spirit as a power in the life of the State.

Did Montgomery lose his influence in the Revolution because he died without victory, on its threshold, pierced with three wounds, before Quebec? Philadelphia was in tears for him, as it has been for our hero. His eulogies were uttered by the most eloquent tongues of America and Britain, and a thrill of his power beats in the volumes of our history, and runs yet through the onset of every Irish brigade beneath the American banner, which he planted on Montreal.

Did Lawrence die when his breath expired in the defeat on the sea, after his exclamation, "Don't give up the ship!" What victorious captain in that naval war shed forth such power? His spirit soared and touched every flag on every frigate, to make its red more commanding, and its stars flame brighter. It went abroad in songs, and every sailor felt him and feels him now as an inspiration.

God is giving us new heroes to be enthroned with those of the earlier struggles. Before our greatest victories come, He gives us, as in former years, names to rally for, and examples to inflame us with the old and the unconquerable fire. Ellsworth, Lyon, Winthrop, Baker, our patriots who have fallen in ill-success, will hallow our new contest, and exert wider influence as spirit-heroes than ever over their regiments and battalions, while they shall ascend to a more tender honor in the nation's memory and gratitude.

As we shut the door of the tomb of genius, let it be with gratitude to God for its splendor here, and with a hope for its future that swells

our bosom, though its outline be dim. And let us not be tempted, in view of the sudden close of our gifted friend's career, in any sad and skeptical spirit, to say, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" The soul is not a shadow. The body is. Genius is not a shadow. It is a substance. Patriotism is not a shadow. It is light.

Great purposes, and the spirit that counts death nothing in contrast with honor and the welfare of our country,—these are the witnesses that man is not a passing vapor, but an immortal spirit. Husband and father, brother and friend, Senator and soldier, genius and hero, we give thee, not to the grave and gloom—we give thee to God, to thy place in the country's heart, and to the great services that may await thee in the world of dawn beyond the sunset, with tears, with affection, with gratitude, and with prayer.

---

THE COCOA TREE  
BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

---

Cast on the water by a careless hand,  
Day after day the winds persuaded me;  
Onward I drifted till a coral-tree  
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand  
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,  
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.  
  
The sea-birds build their nests against my root  
And eye my slender body's horny case.  
Widowed within this solitary place,  
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;  
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake  
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.  
  
No more I heed the kisses of the morn;  
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;  
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,  
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,  
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb  
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come.

—*Permission of A. M. Robertson, publisher.*

THE TAVERN  
BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

---

Death keeps a Tavern strangely built and fair,  
And bids thereto how many a welcome guest.  
Mark how magnificent the drap'ry spread  
Upon the couch whereon the bidden rest.

Old childhood friends are there, and those in truth  
The rarest and the best of sweet youth's prime;  
And those who, lo! have even yesterday  
Walked side by side with us the trail of time.

Then send the portress, Death! to swing the door  
Whene'er the traveler clangs the brazen bell,  
And in the Record-Book engrave his name,  
And light his room and bid him slumber well.

—*From the New York Christian Advocate.*

---

THE OLD AND THE NEW  
BY RUFUS STEELE

---

ON THE night of April 20, 1906,—a night when San Francisco millionaires slept with nothing but a spring suit between them and the restful concrete pavement—Will Irwin sat in the office of the *Sun* in New York and penned—on a typewriter—that justly celebrated brochure, "The City That Was." Yes, by that pathetic title he meant San Francisco. By way of introduction he wrote: "The old San Francisco is dead. The gayest, lightest-hearted, most pleasure-loving city of the western continent, and in many ways the most interesting and romantic, is a horde of refugees living among ruins. It may be rebuilt; it probably will; but those who have known that peculiar city by the Golden Gate, have caught its flavor of the Arabian Nights, feel that it can never be the same. It is as though a pretty, frivolous woman had passed through a great tragedy. She survives, but she is sobered and different. If it rises out of the ashes it must be a modern city, much like other cities and without its old atmosphere."

Will Irwin may dry his tears. Of a truth the things which he meant by "the old San Francisco" did not die and are not dead. By the Market street parade, by the Poodle Dog, by the wall pictures at Coppa's, by the Orpheum gallery, by the honor of Metia, by Sanguenetti's, by the Italian opera, by Lotta's fountain, by Fillmore street on Saturday night, by the potent sign of each of these "the old San Francisco" is very much alive. When he used the past tense in his title, Mr. Irwin did not know—probably nobody knew—that "atmosphere" is a shifting thing of asbestos which may float out of reach of the flames and float back again to wait above the ashes. Happily disaster days put a crimp in some of the frivolities of the town, but, verily, the wine of the city's life has lost none of that "flavor of the Arabian Nights" which was—is—body, sparkle and bead.

—From "*The City That Is.*" Copyright by A. M. Robertson.  
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---

IN BLOSSOM TIME

BY INA COOLBRITH

---

It's O my heart, my heart,

To be out in the sun and sing—

To sing and shout in the fields about,

In the balm and blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;

O bird, sing loud in the sky,

And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds—

There is none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,

Laugh low, with the wind at play;

And the odorous call of the flowers all

Entices my soul away!

For O but the world is fair, is fair—

And O but the world is sweet!

I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,

And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak,  
I will fold in the lily's rim,  
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,  
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,  
O skylark, sing in the blue;  
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,  
And my soul shall sing with you!  
—*From "Songs of the Golden Gate."*

---

THE BRAVEST BATTLE  
BY JOAQUIN MILLER

---

The bravest battle that ever was fought;  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or braver pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a woman's walled-up heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But patiently, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there in that battle-field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;  
No banners to gleam and wave;  
And oh! these battles they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled-up town—  
Fights on and on in the endless wars,  
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

A few years ago, when living in my log cabin, Washington, some ladies came to inform me that I had been chosen to write a poem for the unveiling of an equestrian statue of a hero, the hero of "The bravest battles that ever were fought."

When they had delivered their message I told them that the beautiful city was being disfigured by these pitiful monuments to strife, not one in forty being fit works of art, and that I hoped and believed that the last one of these would be condemned to the scrap heap within the next century. I reminded them that while nearly every city in the Union had more or less of these monstrosities I had seen but one little figure in honor of woman; that of a crude bit of granite to the memory of a humble baker woman in a back street of New Orleans, who gave away bread to the poor. I finally told them, however, that if they would come back next morning I would have a few lines about "The bravest battles that ever were fought."

One of them came, got the few lines, but they were not read at the unveiling. However, they were read later in New York, by a New Orleans lady, of noble French extraction, the Baroness de Bazus, and they have since been read many times, in many lands, and, I am told, in many languages.

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### LIFE

BY EDWARD R. SILL

---

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night,—Forenoon,  
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—what!  
The empty song repeats itself. No more?  
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

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## THE EVANESCENT

BY GEORGE STERLING

---

The wind upon the mountain-side  
Sang to the dew: "My moments fly:  
In yonder valley I must die.  
How long thy restless gems abide!"

Low to the bent and laden grass  
There came the whisper of the dew:  
"My lessening hours, how fleet and few!  
What months are thine ere thou shalt pass!"

The grass made murmur to the tree:  
"My days a little time are fair;  
But oh! thy brooding years to share—  
The centuries that foster thee!"

Ere died the wind the tree had said:  
"O mountain marvelous and strong,  
The aeons of thine age—how long,  
When I and all my kin lie dead!"

The mountain spake: "O sea! thy strength  
Forevermore I shall not face,  
At last I sink to thine embrace;  
Thy waves await my ramparts' length."

The deep gave moan: "O stars supreme!  
Your eyes shall see me mute in death.  
Before your gaze I fade like breath  
Of vapors in a mortal's dream."

Then bore the Void a choral cry,  
Descendent from the starry throng:  
"A little, and our ancient song  
Dies at thy throne, Eternity!"

Then, silence on the heavenly Deep,  
Wherein that music sank unheard,  
As shuts the midnight on a word  
Said by a dreamer in his sleep.

—From "*The House of Orchids.*" By permission  
of A. M. Robertson, publisher.

---

### NIGHTTIME IN CALIFORNIA

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE

---

Nighttime in California. There's nothing like it found,  
Though to and fro you come and go and journey earth around.  
The skies are like a crystal sea, with islands made of stars;  
The moon's a fairy ship that sails among its shoals and bars;  
And on that sea I sit and look, and wonder where it ends;  
If I shall sail its phantom wave, and where the journey tends,  
And if—in vain I wonder; let's change the solemn theme,  
For the nights of California were made for man to dream.

Nighttime in California. The cricket's note is heard,  
And now, perhaps, the twitter of a drowsy, dreaming bird.  
An oar is plashing yonder; the wakeful frogs reply.  
The breeze is chanting in the trees a ghostly lullaby.  
The moon has touched with silver the peaceful, sleeping world,  
And in the weary soul of man the flag of sorrow's furled.  
'Tis a time for smiles and music; 'tis a time for love divine,  
For the nights of California are Heav'n this side the line.

Nighttime in California. Elsewhere men only guess  
At the glory of the evenings that are perfect—nothing less;  
But here the nights, returning, are the wondrous gifts of God—  
As if the days were maidens fair with golden slippers shod.  
There is no cloud to hide the sky; the universe is ours,  
And the starlight likes to look and laugh in Cupid-haunted  
bowers.

Oh, the restful, peaceful evenings! In them my soul delights,  
For God loved California when He gave to her her nights.

—From "*Some Homely Little Songs.*"

## THE JOY OF THE HILLS

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

---

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;  
I have found my life and am satisfied.  
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,  
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—  
    Lightly I sweep  
    From steep to steep:  
Over my head through the branches high  
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;  
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;  
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;  
A bee booms out of the scented grass;  
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget  
Life's hoard of regret—  
All the terror and pain  
Of the chafing chain.  
Grind on, O cities, grind;  
I leave you a blur behind.

I am lifted elate—the skies expand:  
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.  
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls:  
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing  
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!  
The world is gone like an empty word:  
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

—From "*The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems.*"  
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---

### ONE OF THE GREAT CITIES

San Francisco deservedly ranks as one of the great cities of the world. By the progressive spirit of her people she turned what seemed to be overwhelming disaster into signal achievement for betterment in every way that makes for greatness of a city. San Francisco is pre-eminently a commercial city with advantages of location surpassed by none of the great commercial centers of the world. To see and appreciate the new San Francisco, to grasp the significance of its rehabilitation, its present charm and beauty, its future greatness, the teachers of the country should visit its many points of interest.

---

### THE FERRY BUILDING

Entering the city by way of the bay, one passes through the Ferry Building, the most striking spectacle on the sky-line of San Francisco. The Ferry Building might be termed the front door and the back door of San Francisco. An enormous traffic to and from the transbay cities passes through this building. Travelers from all parts of the world are constantly coming and going. From the Ferry Building one steps directly into Market street, the main artery of the city. What the Strand is to London, Broadway to New York, the Champs Elysees to Paris, Market street is to San Francisco.

---

### THE WATER FRONT

No portion of the city possesses more interest or impresses the observer more strongly with the city's commercial strength and possibilities than does the "Water Front," facing the bay north and south of the Ferry Building. Here at the wharves are great steamships and sailing vessels flying the flags of many nations. Close to the water front on the north side are many wholesale houses, factories, lumber yards, and iron and steel plants. In this section of the seawall are the piers of many ocean and river carriers whose companies have fleets on both the Atlantic and the Pacific.

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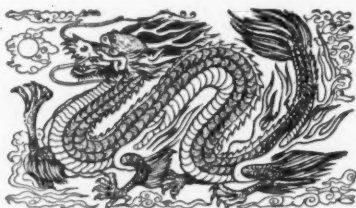
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A picturesque feature of the water front is Fisherman's Wharf, located well to the north end. Here are fishermen—a brown and hardy lot—from the Mediterranean, with boats like those on the Italian seas. Here are Greek fisher-folk with their little decked boats, spreading their graceful lateen sails to the breeze.

The docks of the United States Army transport service claim attention; also "Man-o'-War Row," where there are usually two or three of Uncle Sam's armed cruisers, and where visiting vessels from foreign lands drop anchor. The United States transports carry annually from San Francisco millions of dollars in supplies for the soldiers and civilians in our far Eastern possessions.

---

#### A MANUFACTURING CENTER

Leaving the water front, the visitor is taken into the manufacturing center, where articles of all descriptions are made and shipped to foreign ports. It is apparent that San Francisco is destined to become one of the most important manufacturing cities in the United States. San Francisco has cheap fuel, well-adjusted labor conditions, and excellent transportation facilities. The rapidly increasing population on the Pacific Coast is demanding greater production of home manufactures. With the completion of the Panama Canal, San Francisco, commanding the finest harbor on the Pacific, will easily number a million people.

---

#### THE LATIN QUARTER

To those who seek romantic charm and sentimental interest, the Latin Quarter holds a store of varied and unusual sights. The sun-tanned Italians, with their impressive black mustachios, are the middlemen for much of the fruit and garden truck handled in San Francisco. Boxes of fruit are stacked up on the outer edge of the sidewalks till the streets, crowded with wagons and trucks, take on the appearance of canals, and the sidewalks look like tow-paths.

---

#### REMARKABLE CHINATOWN

The city of the Celestials, the world's famous Chinatown, is back again stronger than ever. It is a typical Oriental colony. Here the Chinese work and live, buy and sell among themselves in the way they learned in China. The Oriental design of the buildings that house the costly, curious relics of the Flowery Kingdom; the almost noiseless pattering of the Chinese slippers on the streets; the odor of curious dishes that are being prepared for the placid Celestials; a strain of shrilly plaintive music from nondescript instruments; a glimpse of Chinese women clad in wide silk pantaloons and embroidered slippers; these things so com-



# Teachers

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pletely engross the visitor that only when he emerges from the narrow streets and finds himself again in the "white city," does he realize that he is not in China itself.

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#### THE MISSION DOLORES

One of the most interesting landmarks of early California days is the Mission Dolores. This Mission, founded in 1776, was one of the original chain of missions from San Diego to San Francisco, planned by Junipero Serra. By reason of its age and the characteristic architecture of the Franciscan padres, it is much visited by tourists. The thick adobe walls and unglazed tiles on the roof remind one of the time when the aborigines responded to the call of the old bells to listen to the intoning of the masses by the Spanish padres and to receive their benediction.

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#### GOLDEN GATE PARK

San Francisco is justly proud of Golden Gate Park. It contains 1,140 acres. Tropical plants bloom in the open air the year round. Much of the park is in a wild, semi-primitive condition, which adds to its great attractiveness. At one part of the vast park there is a sunken lake. The finest buffalo in the West, outside of the National herd, are to be found in this park. The buffalo have many acres to themselves, and refuse to be tamed. "Teddy," the largest buffalo, has so magnificent a head and mane that he is valued at \$1,000 dead. There are kangaroo, deer, elk, wild cats, bears and many other animals. The park contains a museum and art gallery, a bandstand, aviary, children's playground, conservatory, tennis court, statuary, and acres of flowers, besides a quaint Japanese tea garden that looks as if it had just been lifted out of the land of the chrysanthemum. A visit to the West is incomplete without seeing this famous park.

It is probable that the buildings and scenic attractions of the great International Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 will be located in this park.

---

#### CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS

San Francisco boasts a remarkable variety in its scenic attractions. The Cliff House, situated on a rocky bluff, overlooking the Pacific, Golden Gate, and Seal Rocks, is famed the world over for the wonderful beauty of its location. Thousands visit the Cliff House every week, and the neighboring beach is the playground of San Francisco. A broad boulevard lined with pleasure resorts of all kinds extends for miles along the ocean shore. A few hundred yards from the Cliff

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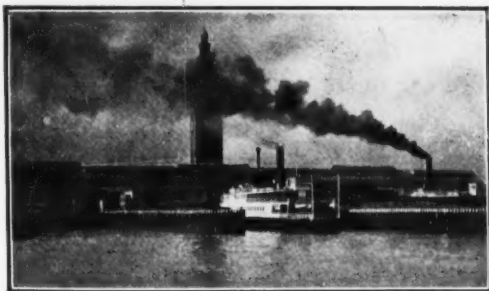
#### THE PRESIDIO

Adjacent to Golden Gate Park is the Presidio, the principal military post on the Pacific. Here on about 1,500 acres of park-like hills are drill and parade grounds, barracks and hospitals. On the northwest the Presidio terminates at the eastern end of the Golden Gate. Here one has a glimpse of the batteries of heavy guns which guard the harbor entrance. The Presidio is one of the greatest military posts of the country. Its capacity for accommodating the army in case of emergency is supplemented by two other military posts in the city and by Angel, Alcatraz and Goat islands on the bay.

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#### OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST

If time permits, other points of interest that should be visited are Fort Mason, headquarters of the commanding officer of the Department of the Pacific Coast; Fort Winfield Scott, an interesting relic of former days; Nob Hill, once occupied by the residences of noted Californian millionaires; Portsmouth Square, where a monument to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson stands; Twin Peaks, the highest points in San Francisco; Union Iron Works, where the "Oregon" was built; the United States Mint.



Ferry Building, San Francisco.

# GORDON READERS

All who have either taught or supervised primary work, know the absolute necessity of frequent reviews. Words and sounds taught must be reviewed almost daily, or they will fade from the immature minds of the beginners.

This is, of course, the reason why the first reader of every carefully constructed series uses and reviews repeatedly the words of the primer.

The State Primer recognizes this fact, and repeats over and over the 92 words of its vocabulary. Does the State First Reader review the words of the Primer?

Assuming that the State First Reader is to be finished in the second half (5 months) of the first year, the Primer words are introduced as follows:

First month (pages 5- 29)	36	Primer words introduced
Second month (pages 30- 54)	10	new Primer words introduced
Third month (pages 55- 79)	8	new Primer words introduced
Fourth month (pages 80-104)	7	new Primer words introduced
Fifth month (pages 104-128)	3	new Primer words introduced

64 Primer words in all used.

From another point of view, this table shows the words not reviewed as follows:

First month (92—36=)	56	Primer words not reviewed for 1 mo.
Second month (92—46=)	46	Primer words not reviewed for 2 mo.
Third month (92—54=)	38	Primer words not reviewed for 3 mo.
Fourth month (92—61=)	31	Primer words not reviewed for 4 mo.
Fifth month (92—64=)	28	Primer words not reviewed at all.

The constant phonetic drills of the Gordon Method not only fix the principles but also develop sufficient power to enable children to pronounce any word used in readers for primary grades.

THE GORDON READERS SHOULD BE USED  
AS THE BASIC SERIES.

---

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## A VACATION IN CALIFORNIA

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### FAVORABLE RAILROAD RATES

The railroads west of Chicago will grant a one-fare round-trip rate for the meeting in San Francisco. A few of the roads east of Chicago are offering the same favorable rate. The western roads have made two important concessions, never made in the East, whereby delegates may go by one route and return by any other, with stop-over privileges en route anywhere west of Chicago. From all California points, and from points south of Portland and west of Ogden, Salt Lake City, Albuquerque and El Paso, the rate will be one and one-third fare for the round trip. These rates are open to all members of the N. E. A. As any one interested in education (and who is not interested in education?) may join the N. E. A., truly whosoever will may come.

### SQUARE TREATMENT IN CALIFORNIA

No one need fear that the hotels in San Francisco will take advantage of the large attendance by raising their rates. The managers of the hotels have entered into a written agreement with the local committee of the N. E. A. not to advance rates. In many instances marked reductions have been offered. There will be no gouging N. E. A. visitors in California.

### HEADQUARTERS AND REGISTRATION

The headquarters of the National Executive Committee, the Board of Trustees, and the officers of the various departments of the N. E. A. will be at the St. Francis. At the same hotel will be located the headquarters of the states east of the Rockies. The Palace will be headquarters for California and other states west of the Rockies. The headquarters of the Reception Committees, the Membership Registration Bureau, and the Committee on Assignment to Accommodations will be at the Ferry Building.

### NEAR SAN FRANCISCO

We believe that teachers attending the meeting, whether living inside or outside of California, might well spend a little time following the meeting in visiting points of interest near San Francisco. In one week visits could be made to Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, and other near-by points of interest such as the University of California at Berkeley, Mills College in the suburbs of Oakland, Stanford University, Santa Rosa and the home of Luther Burbank, the Mare Island Navy Yard, Mill Valley, Mt. Tamalpais, the Muir Redwoods, Piedmont Springs. The Muir Woods, a grove of virgin redwoods, some nearly 300 feet high, are within two hours' ride from San Francisco. On the trip to Mt. Tamalpais over the "crookedest railroad in the world," a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean, of San Francisco Bay, with its surrounding hills and mountains, and of twenty-five cities can be had.

# A GOODLY COMPANY

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they cultivate the imagination, generate a love of good literature and elevate the ideals. Exquisitely illustrated in colors, line or wash drawings by the best interpreters of child life and literature in the country.

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Grover.....	THE SUNBONNET BABIES' PRIMER .....	.40
Grover.....	THE OVERALL BOYS .....	.45
Bigham.....	STORIES OF MOTHER GOOSE VILLAGE .....	.45
Anderson-Henderson	ANDERSON'S BEST FAIRY TALES	
	(On the press) .....	.45
Dopp.....	THE TREE-DWELLERS .....	.45
Dopp.....	THE EARLY CAVE-MEN .....	.45
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	READERS (Just out) .....	.50
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Washburne.....	A BROWNIE (Just out) .....	.35
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N. E. A. in San Francisco, July 8 to 14, 1911

Say you saw it in the Sierra Educational News

### A SUMMER'S OUTING

After seeing San Francisco and neighboring cities, there are dozens of coast and mountain resorts in California that can be visited with pleasure and profit. Among the places of greatest interest are Yosemite Valley, Lake Tahoe, the Russian and Eel rivers, the Big Trees, Mt. Shasta, the Kings and Kern river canyons, the many coast resorts from Santa Cruz to San Diego. The great and beautiful city of Los Angeles and near-by points of interest, should be included in either the going or coming trip. For those who like the beach, the Coronado Tent City at San Diego is an ideal place. Don't be in a hurry to return home. Plan to stay at least a month. The cost will be very reasonable. At many of these resorts one may secure tents furnished for light housekeeping. The delightfully cool summer climate of coast and mountains will do you good, and will send you back to your work strengthened and refreshed.

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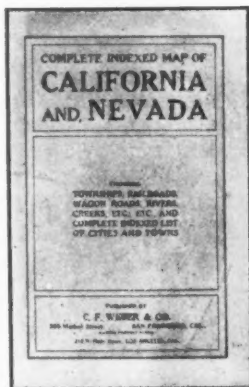
### IF YOU ARE SERIOUSLY INCLINED

For those teachers who desire to do work in summer schools, very attractive courses are offered by the University of California at Berkeley; the California School of Arts and Crafts at Berkeley; the Summer Institute of Mechanic and Household Arts at Mount Hermon; and



The Greek Theater, University of California.

The opening session of the N. E. A. will be held here.



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**SCHOOLS.** Employers of teachers are invited to consult us for information of competent candidates to fill vacancies that may occur in their teaching force. No charge for services. Write us, or, better still, phone or wire at our expense. We can usually please you.

**TEACHERS.** Candidates without positions, or seeking advancement are urged to enroll with us. We have a free plan. We constantly need more teachers to meet our calls. No charge for information. Call or send for it.

**POSITIONS FILLED.** We are the seniors of all the present managers on this coast, and have filled more positions here than all the others combined.

## Look us up

Say you saw it in the Sierra Educational News

the Summer School of Physical Education at Los Angeles. The faculties of these summer schools include not only some of the brightest and strongest men and women in California education but also distinguished authorities from Eastern institutions. The fine climate of California enables the summer schools here to command the services of the very best educational experts in the United States.

---

#### WRAPS BUT NO UMBRELLAS

The summer climate of California along the coast and in the mountains is remarkable for its cool days and cool nights, which, together with its uniformity and absence of humidity, makes it ideal for summer outings. There is no rain the summer through to interfere with camping out. The Pacific coast is very much cooler in summer than the Atlantic, and any visitor to the N. E. A. convention may be sure of suffering absolutely not one day of discomfort from hot weather or from storm in San Francisco, at California beaches, or in California mountains. Visitors to the N. E. A. convention may safely leave umbrellas at home, but should bring their wraps.

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#### ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

The California committee has issued a booklet as a help to teachers planning to attend the convention. If you would like a copy of this booklet—See *California and the New San Francisco*—you may have one for the asking. If you have not received a program of the coming N. E. A. meeting, a simple request will bring you one. If there is still some point not yet clear, do not hesitate to ask about it. A letter or a card to Supt. Jas. A. Barr, Stockton, California, will bring a booklet, a program, or advice, according to your needs. And it will please Supt. Barr to please you.



A Reminder of the Days When Spain Owned California.





SCHOOL GARDENING IN SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY

**D**OESN'T this cut present a pleasant scene? This shows a district school in south San Joaquin County, Miss Bertha Simpson, teacher. A little determination on the part of the teacher has transformed a desolate looking schoolyard into a thing of beauty.

The teacher of this school received her training at the

**WESTERN NORMAL**  
STOCKTON, CAL.

Say you saw it in the Sierra Educational News



## THREE TYPES OF CALIFORNIA'S RICHES

### THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE WEST

Located just out of Oakland in a magnificent wooded park of 150 acres, secluded in its sylvan retreat, yet within an hour of the heart of a great city, Mills College is splendidly situated with lowlands and heights, beautified by running streams, avenues of trees, three miles of gravelled walks, and rose gardens. Back of the College grounds rise the foothills of the Coast Range and two miles in front is the Bay of San Francisco.

Twelve college buildings of wood, brick or stone distributed about the picturesque campus include two dormitories, suitably furnished, well heated and lighted, with room for two hundred and fifty students; recitation halls with large, sunny rooms; two domestic science cottages with gardens; a beautiful Margaret Carnegie library containing about 12,000 books; an admirably constructed science building of stone containing laboratories for chemistry, physics, biology, and psychology; specimens for botany, geology, and conchology, and a fine museum; an art library with a rich collection of pictures; an art studio for drawing and painting; a new gymnasium with modern equipment; a beautiful auditorium for concerts and services, containing a very fine pipe organ; an observatory with a fifteen-foot revolving dome and equipped with a five-inch equatorially mounted refracting telescope; "Kapiolani Cottage," thoroughly fitted for the care of the sick; and the picturesque "El Campanil" with its chime of ten bells that ring out the quarters. Sometimes in the hues of sunset, or on Sunday afternoons or holidays, appropriate tunes ring from the bells over the quiet campus and out through the avenues—and life seems more holy and sweet.

Here college life is ideal, for here is the gospel of cheer and helpfulness. The college girls are natural. Their environment and surroundings, their mental and moral training, their opportunities for exercise and recreation, early sleep—for lights are out at ten—simplicity of life, and reverence for sacred things,—all contribute toward joyous, earnest, true womanhood. Everything of storm and stress, competition and envy, is foreign to their college life. They are considerate of others and they are taught how to think.

Mills College is not a finishing school; not a denominational school, neither is it local in any sense. It reaches out to the preparatory schools in all the states west of the Rocky mountains; and young women of the East will more and more come to the West for education in its delightful climate and broadening influences. Mills College will become to the Pacific Coast what Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, and Bryn Mawr are to the Atlantic. Mills College recognizes the fact that many of its graduates must earn their own livelihood, and it prepares them to do so; but it also inspires them with noble, unselfish ideals which will make their lives grand and fruitful whatever may be their station or vocation. It trains them to be intelligent, resourceful, loving daughters, wives, and mothers; in short, to be worthy members of that band of women who

## From Western China to the Golden Gate

The Experiences of a U. C.  
Graduate in the Orient

By ROGER SPRAGUE

More and more frequently are American university graduates being called to China to teach in the government or mission schools. The Author had an exceptional opportunity, while an instructor at the Imperial College at Chentu, to study the curious and characteristic customs of China. His book takes one into the most remote of China's eighteen great provinces, and presents a vivid picture, in text and illustration, of conditions exactly as they are. The attractive little volume has 128 pages, 30 illustrations, and will be sent postpaid for 85c.

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## Sierra Educational News

In the February number, makes the following announcement: "At the recent meeting of the State Board of Education changes were made in physiology and hygiene. Ritchie-Caldwell's Primer of Hygiene and Ritchie's Primer of Sanitation, published by the World Book Company, will succeed the present physiology."

The prices of these books are as follows:

Primer of Hygiene.....\$0.40  
Primer of Sanitation... .50

Until July 1 we will send one set of these two books to any California teacher, postage paid, for 50c, which is about half price.

**WORLD BOOK COMPANY**

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has filled more than 32,000 positions at salaries aggregating \$21,000,000.

It has filled about 5,000 positions on the Pacific Coast, including 3,680 in California. For the past three years it has filled more positions in California than in any other state except Massachusetts.

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### THREE TYPES OF CALIFORNIA'S RICHES

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are the glory and crown of any nation, and who influence and control society as sunshine controls climate. Mills College stands for thorough scholarship without sham or pretense; for the best training in whatever makes life beautiful and lovely; for true refinement without one particle of snobbishness; for intelligent patriotism and for pure and undefiled religion, whose essence, as the Master taught it, is love to God and love to man.



"El Campanil," Mills College.

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### THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

The Yosemite National Park is situated in the Sierra Nevada mountains, a few hours' ride by rail from Los Angeles or San Francisco. A tour of the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Grove of Big Trees is one of the most delightful trips in California. The rail and stage ride through the scenic Merced River Canyon, the grand and beautiful Yosemite Valley with its towering walls and stupendous waterfalls, the romantic stage trip across the mountains to beautiful Wawona and the wonderful Big Trees, are features that go to make up one of the grandest trips in the world.

It is a picturesque ride from Merced to the Park line,—eighty miles of ever-changing mountain scenery, with the beautiful Merced river within a stone's throw of the car window the entire distance. A splendid line of stages carries the traveler into the Park on a three-hour drive from the railroad terminus to the hotels and camps. This wagon road is now sprinkled daily during the summer months, which completely lays the dust and keeps the road in smooth condition.

This ride through the Park is one of the features of the trip to the Yosemite, for the road follows the river up the wild and rocky canyon to the entrance of the valley where, from a sharp turn in the road, the traveler gets his first grand view of Yosemite; and ere reaching his destination on the floor of the valley, the visitor has passed many of the great points of interest, El Capitan, Bridal Veil Falls, the Three Graces, Three Brothers, Eagle Peak, Sentinel Rock, Yosemite Falls, and has received his first impressions of this masterpiece of Nature.

We can not attempt to describe the different waterfalls, peaks and domes for they are too numerous and their magnitude too great. To do them justice requires space and descriptive power that we do not possess. Suffice it here to say that they are grouped about the valley, forming a panorama that is unique in its assemblage of sheer walls of great height, imposing peaks and the number of stupendous waterfalls. The visitor has but to cast his eyes about him and behold. There are tints and colors, sunshine and shadow, heights and depths, and roar of waterfalls that entrance the beholder.

These wonders must be seen to be appreciated, and having been seen once are never to be forgotten. The trails and carriage drives radiate from the Yosemite village to points of interest, which vary in distance from three-quarters of a mile to fifteen miles, and even farther. Many are within easy walking distances, while others are best taken by saddle horse or carriage.

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Say you saw it in the Sierra Educational News



Mills College; but with a peculiar, natural charm born of mountains, waters and trees, Mount Hermon draws many devotees. It is a delightful summer resort, a place in which to rest and be refreshed. Situated in the Santa Cruz mountains seven miles from the famous Santa Cruz Beach, Mount Hermon combines the attractions of the mountains and the coast. Sheltered from the sharp winds and fog of the coast itself by Ben Lomond ridge, yet sufficiently near to the shore to be relieved from the heat of the interior, Mount Hermon's greatest charm is its climate. Add to delightfully cool days and clear, crisp nights, beautiful streams and magnificent woods, and the result is an ideal place for rest and recreation.

No section in California surpasses in beauty the Santa Cruz mountains lying south of San Francisco to the Carmel river. Mount Hermon is centrally located among the many attractions of this remarkable section. It is seven miles from Santa Cruz, one of the best known seaside resorts in the world; one mile from the Santa Cruz Big Trees; twelve miles from a State park of gigantic redwoods in the Big Basin; sixteen miles from Loma Prieta, the highest peak in the Santa Cruz range; forty miles from the historic missions at Monterey and Carmel.

Mount Hermon is fast acquiring fame as a delightful place for summer school work. During the coming summer, the Epworth League Institute, the Summer School of Mechanic Arts, the Bible Institute, the Federate School of Missions, and the School of Christian Service will be held there. A large auditorium has been erected to house conventions. For all who desire there is good service at the hotel, but many visitors prefer to rent furnished tents and enjoy real camp life in the woods.



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# **Spend Your Vacation in California**

The postponed meeting of the National Education Association of 1906 will be held in San Francisco in July. The coming meeting promises to be a memorable one.

---

## **California Never Fails to Charm**

See the magnificent New San Francisco; visit the wonderful Yosemite and Big Trees; enjoy the cool summer resorts of the mountains and the coast.

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## **An Easy Chair**

will be waiting for you at our office in San Francisco. Come and rest and write letters. And, if you feel like looking at books, we shall have ready for your inspection the

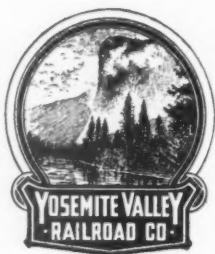
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# Yosemite Valley....

## NATURE'S MASTERPIECE

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## The Scenic Attraction —of California—

A Place of Marvelous Beauty

ENCLOSED BY MASSIVE WALLS

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For full information about the trip, or descriptive folder,  
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**Yosemite Valley Railroad Co.**  
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OPENS  
JUNE 19, 1911

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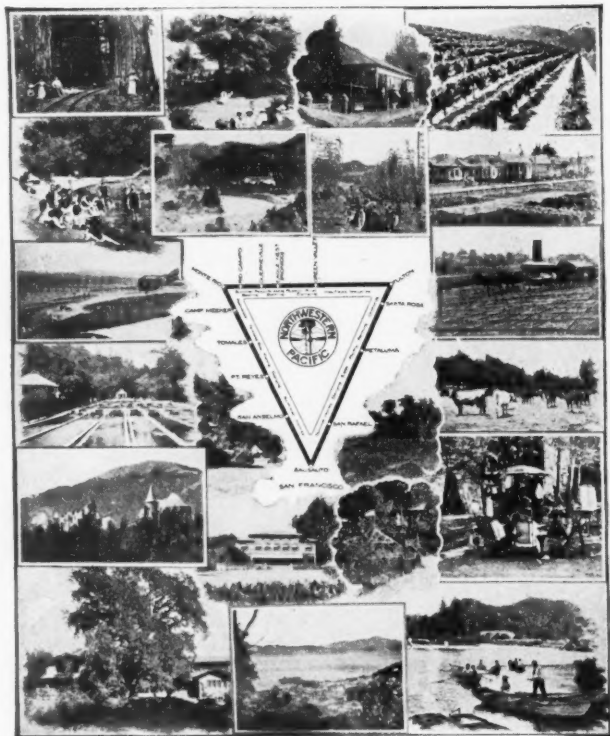
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